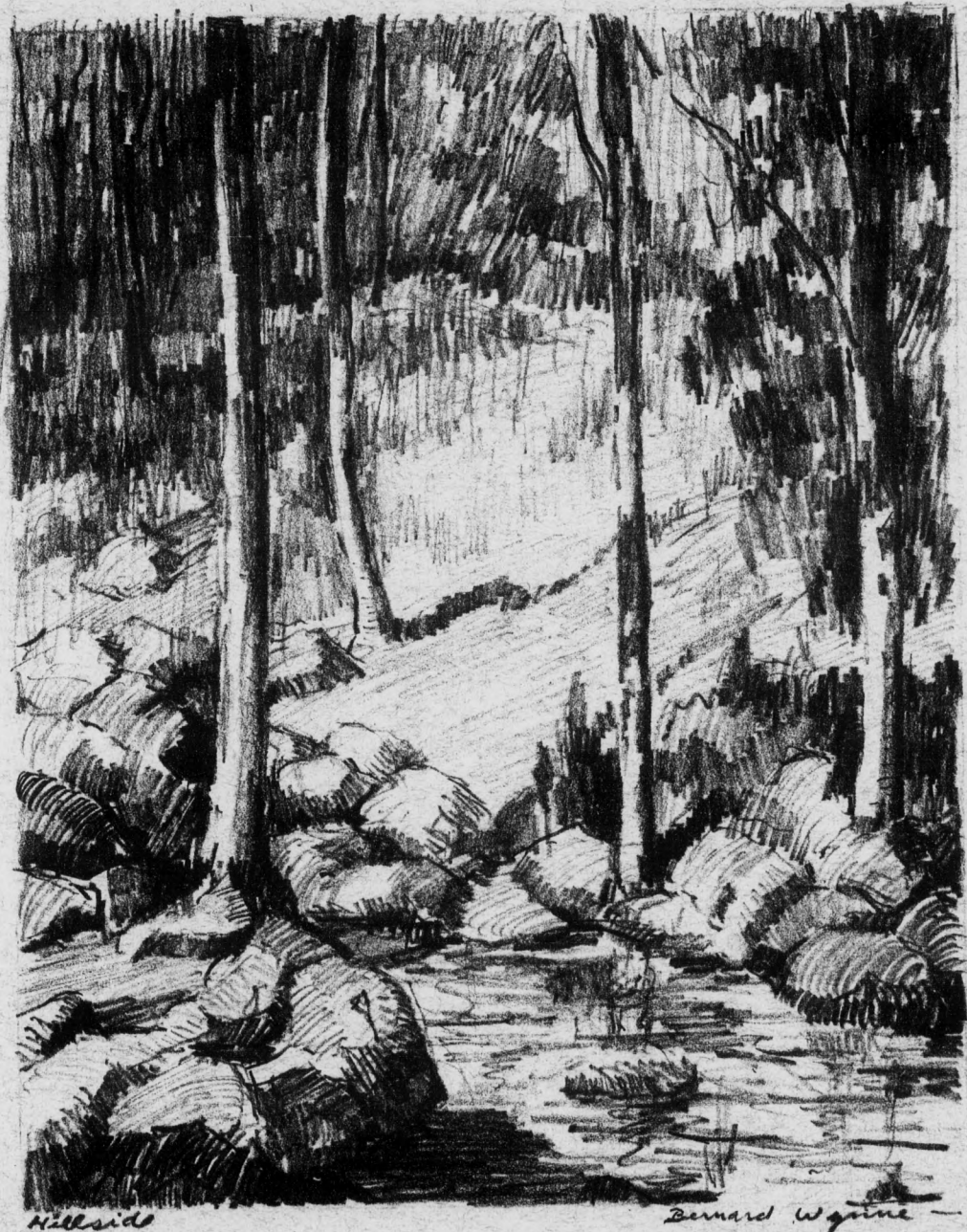




HIGH LIGHTS



Hillside

Bernard W. Quinn

An Old Adobe Publication 177
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HIGH LIGHTS

OCTOBER 1942

Volume 3 Number 9

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ILLUSTRATIONS

The cover drawing, as well as those of the commercials, is the work of Bernard Wynne, and are lithographs. The lettering was done by Elmer M. Weese. The printing of the covers is the work of George Morgridge, done at the Burns Printing Company, Pasadena, California.

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Bernard Wynne

Dottie Burke

HIGH LIGHTS from the foothills; issued monthly by the Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Adobe Studio in Sierra Madre, California.

TWO POEMS

Edward L. Voorhees

PROGRESS?

Practical Science has made a million things
 where Art has made but one --
 a million motors, a million radios,
 a million gyrations, a million unique noises,
 millions of shares, billions in dividends
 from millions of duplications of a million
 conveniences!

And Art
 has made but one Venus of Milo,
 one Mona Lisa, one Parthenon,
 one Taj Mahal, one Nebraska Capitol --
 but why go on?
 Wasn't Art wasteful to use one whole genius
 on each of these, when Science can
 with one machine and Anyman
 turn out a million of "Krazy-Kats"
 while you wait?

(F.P.A.'s "The Conning Tower," New York world)

"DER TAG"

Rising like a death
 From the dank sea fog --
 Rolling in the waves
 Like a devilish log --
 Running amuck like a rabid dog --
 The submarine strikes.

Sowing, ever sowing the dragon's teeth --
 For the ghosts of the drowned
 Glide up from beneath,
 Calling on the living
 A vow to bequeath,
 Of vengeance aflame.

"Spurlos versenkt" chants the Prussian host,
 But a Super-Power
 Will shatter that boast,
 Turning to wormwood
 The Superman's toast
 To "Der Tag."

(The Maga,
 1918)

FERMENTING LEAVEN

These urges, this fermenting leaven, will outlast the darkness and the storm. Over the whirlwind, across the shadows, beyond the night and the hurricane, they will emerge again with the morning and rise again with the sun. Out of them will come voices never heard before, sounding from the quiet hills, through peaceful valleys, over the inquiet, sounding sea. Out of them, wings, luminous, untiring wings, spanning dawn out of sunset into high noontide, beating across the silences against the sky. Neither living force nor dead weight shall counter their thrust; neither yesterday nor tomorrow hinder at all their upspringing and their growth.

Speak softly when you speak of the future, and never make the mistake of saying that there is anything that can never come to pass. A thousand years are a short time, brother, and a thousand years change the face of the earth. In those days there will be a new sun in the heavens to shine over a new world, everything however ancient made new or renewed. The earth will blossom in unimaginable loveliness and great cities in beauty dot the land under untroubled skies. Race and creed will be forgotten, and war be a nightmare of the distant past. They who live in those times will know strange wonders, and commonplace to them will be such glowing arts as we have never conceived. Before them, of power, there will be dust motes of silver dancing through the lights of the whirling galaxies; and close within them, of wisdom, there will be golden stars entangled in the lights of their eyes.

* * * * *

FOG

There is a sudden chill in the air: the fog is coming. Overhead the night sky is still clear, across the valley the lights are still undimmed; nevertheless, we know that the fog is on its way for its cold breath already is upon us and the first skirmishers of its aerial advance, though as yet invisible, touch us with icy fingers. A little while, and a thin veil of bright haze, imperceptibly gathered, fills all the sky. It is the breath of the fog made visible. None but the brightest of the stars are now to be seen. They fade away, not into darkness, but into fuzzy light. Suddenly, the first spear-

heads of the oncoming fog, itself, become manifest in movement, ragged wisps of cloud racing up the skies. They rapidly expand, they fill in, they coalesce until the full extent of the heavens is overcast. Far valleyward, the horizon is sharply blocked away where one by one the lights go out behind a dense wall of creeping darkness. Nearer and nearer the lights go black, while lower and lower the cloud descends from the sky until it is scudding along just above the tops of the trees. All at once, even as we watch, the house across the street turns vague and two-dimensional and is blotted away; and now at one swoop the fog closes down all about us with soundless rush and swirl. All of the outer world that is left to us is contained within a small circle in radius of barely a hundred feet.

There are fogs that come out of the sea and there are fogs that come out of the human mind. One is as blinding and as easily identified as the other. What is the difference between sea fogs and the fogs of stupidity? You may pierce the one with a beam of infrared, but no light as yet discovered will pierce the other.

Everything about us may now appear to be just as it was but a moment ago; yet, we know at once when stupidity is in the offing for its numbing effect precedes its near approach and, before its mouth is opened, it is upon us with clammy hands. Very soon, unless we make precipitate retreat, its proximity reduces our mental state to a fuzzy haze through which none but the most commonplace of thoughts seem able to escape. Our originalities fade away, not into light, but into darkness. All too suddenly, by contagion, we are made visibly stupid, ourselves, the tag ends of dullness driving into our brains. There they rapidly expand, they fill in, they coalesce until the full extent of the mind is overcast. Out over the fields of consciousness the circle of our normally broader vision is sharply narrowed where one by one our specific viewpoints warp and fail as behind a wall of coming death. Nearer and nearer this stagnation closes in on us, while lower and lower descend the clouds of inanition until they are no further away than the tips of our noses. Before we realize it, into one dimension and into a point, we are stultified and are lost, and ineptitude seizes upon our spirits and upon our souls. Nothing is left to us of ourselves but that which is included within a tiny circle that is bounded by minus infinity.

Are you about to succumb to the lethargy of stupidity behind its smoke screen? Before it is too late, jump up and knock things over in your haste to turn on the heat, which is one kind of infrared.

ART COLONY ADDITION

Alfred James Dewey

Mr. Walt Lee is another newcomer to our art colony. He is an old newspaper artist, having worked in the art departments of the Daily News and the Los Angeles Times for the past twenty-five years, and but lately retired.

Like every other newspaper artist, Walt paints in his spare time, and, like most newspaper artists, he paints well. In fact, many of our outstanding painters did their stint on newspapers. Such work develops accuracy and speed. An artist there learns to make quick decisions, and develops the technique of delivering finished drawings in time to meet the deadline.

With this experience stored away, Walt quit the newspaper game, at least for the present. "With the war program depleting the art department personnel," he said, "I may have to go back."

Walt Lee is not only an artist but has become an authority on flower culture, and came to Sierra Madre for the purpose of superintending the twenty-two acre nursery on North Sunnyside. From this, it might be thought, as he said, that he has no time now for painting; but the fact is, as he explained, that he does most of his directing of the nursery from a makeshift studio that he has set up on the ground. "The only thing that interferes with my painting," he said, "is the distraction due to night prowlers. They have tried to steal everything on the place. I stay up practically every night with my ears cocked for thieves, and my eyes on my canvas."

His set-up certainly bore this out. Around the studio, against the cobwebs, were many landscapes - tree subjects, largely - done in lush warm colors and well composed. There were three portraits that had a punch, done in the same clear, warm colors that predominate in his landscapes. At the same time, too, equally evident, a shotgun stood within easy reach of his hand.

This large nursery, lately taken over by Mr. Manchester Boddy of the Daily News, is devoted in great measure to the production of fine camellias. Walt divides his time equally between these exotic blossoms and his art. We had always thought of camellias as of one color, red, white, or pink, smooth of petal, and of a gem-like perfection as to shape; but here are camellias, variegated, spotted, dappled, of many colors, crinkled of petal, and in shape as diverse as the roses of Sharon.

THE TRAVELS OF ROLLIN STONE

Lots of people have often sought to disparage me with the remark, "Rollin Stone gathers no moss;" but, I ask you, who wants to gather any moss, anyway? I am no vegetarian; and besides, I would much rather spend my time traveling and seeing the world. And speaking of traveling, perhaps one of my most interesting tours was my trip through the Great American Desert, because of a unique experience, albeit a most terrifying one at the time, that there befell me. It was like this: -

I had just returned home from a long journey to all the usual places when, upon looking at the big accumulation of dust and debris in the house, the old wanderlust strongly seized me again, and in no time at all I was out on the road once more thumbing my way in the pouring California fog, since nothing could dampen in the least my ardent spirits.

I shall not bore the reader with any account of my progress through familiar territory. Suffice it to say that, after several weeks, I found myself one morning well within the confines of an arid region where, excepting alkali springs, there was not a filling station within a radius of two hundred miles. I suddenly felt very thirsty, when, on opening my canteen, I discovered it to be quite as dry as myself. I was for a few moments in the most abject despair, and I shudder even now to think of what might have happened to me had I not just then, while staggering around the end of a sand dune, caught sudden sight of a large spreading lake, lying, as I judged, but a few rods away.

Never shall I forget as long as I live the sight of that beautiful lake, a deep clear blue, reaching away nearly to the horizon with tall palm trees and a fairy-like castle plainly visible upon the farther shore. Over it and about it played every tint and hue, every tone and shade of the seven colors of the spectrum like kaleidoscopic rainbows in a prismatic, panchromatic mist, lovely phenomena the more remarkable since I have been entirely color-blind from birth and cannot even tell black from white in the dark.

With a shout of joy, I hastened down to the beach; but, when I got there where the lake should have been, I found that all at once it was very far away, almost upon the point of vanishing over the rim of the earth. I then realized that this body of water must be

the well-known Lake Mirage, which differs from most other lakes in that it often shifts its bed about with unaccountable ease. Upon recollecting what I had once read in Baedeker about this remarkable lake, I remembered that it has, among other things, one striking peculiarity, which is, that the closer you go to it, the farther it is away. This led me at once to reason that I had only to walk away from the lake in order to bring it closer. No sooner had I decided upon this course of action than I began to retrace my steps and, in a few moments, had the satisfaction of seeing the lake again in its original bed. Continuing on in the same direction, it was no great time before I could plainly hear the waves behind me lapping at the sands; and, in the next minute, they were curling about my feet and dashing to my knees.

I shall long remember how cool and delightful that water felt and how soothing and delicious it was to my parched throat. I had soon drunk my fill and, with full canteen, was again ready to be on my way. So far, everything had turned out well; and then, just as I was congratulating myself on my cleverness, I made one big mistake. In order to get out of the water, I should, of course, have waded out into the lake, when the water would have immediately receded as it came and have left me on the bank. Forgetting, however, for the moment what kind of a lake I had to deal with, I started to walk out onto the shore in the usual manner, when almost at once I found myself in water up to my waist and, in another second, I was swimming for my life. At this point, I completely lost my head and kept battling stubbornly for the shore which kept receding from me at a rapid rate until it was nearly out of sight, when suddenly, with a bump, I was thrown high and wet upon the opposite shore. The lake had shifted its bed right from under me.

Just about here, if I were given to unveracity, I might attempt to garnish this sober tale with the addition of that time-worn fable about shaking a few pounds of fish out of my clothes; but no, my friends, there was nothing at all in my pockets but water and a few hard-shelled mussels that I must have scraped from the rocks. Out of these mussels, however, after I had laboriously pried them open, I extracted modestly enough a handful of choice pearls, later to be valued upon the open market at close to \$100,000., gold coin of the realm, net, after allowing for income taxes, federal and state, for the jewelry tax, and for the fine provided by law for mining under water and seining for pearls in the desert without a license.

GUILD MEETINGS

Bill Burke

At the October meeting of the Guild, to be held on the evening of Friday, October 2, at the Old Adobe Studio, the speaker of the evening will be Miss Constance Mansar of Altadena, who will speak on the subject "The World And What It Eats."

Miss Mansar, who has been conducting the series of lectures at the Park House on nutrition for the class formed for the Canteen Workers of the Civilian Defense, majored in Food Chemistry at the University of Southern California, and took her master's degree under Dr. Chas. Sherman of Columbia University.

Miss Catherine Whistler, a young professional musician and singer of Sierra Madre, will sing two groups of songs to her own accompaniment. Miss Whistler, we understand, formerly studied voice under Mr. Lindquist of Pasadena. A short time ago, she sang and played at the Pasadena Community Playhouse in the operetta, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." She is regularly employed as a musician in radio work.

* * * * *

Mungo Park, a direct descendant of the explorer of the same name who once won fame for his travels in the interior of Africa, gave the September Guild audience a glimpse into the ways with which colonial administrators of the British Government conduct their affairs.

Park, a new resident in Sierra Madre, was sent out more than thirty years ago to the Indian Province of Bahr, as engineer delegated with the task of supervising for the Crown all mining activities in the province.

In his talk, he illustrated the ways in which the various colonial administrators were forced to temper compulsion with persuasion, much as though they were dealing with children. On the other hand, all governmental activities would have come to a complete standstill, if at times the administrators had not resorted to actual physical force, a solid and easily understood "wack upon the head," which was a language readily understood by the sometimes contrary natives.

MINUS A MAN

Lynn C. Denny

That reminds me of Old Maids.

Old Maids are disdained by married women, looked upon with suspicion by all men, laughed at by children, and often not loved even by their mothers. Yet, they are a Chosen People.

Open your minds and study them for a minute. First, remember that the happiest people are those who dream. And Old Maids do. If it's too late to dream of things to come, then it's not bad to dream of things that have gone or those that never came to pass. Sometimes the little strain of sadness that thus is mingled in, only sweetens the dream. Next, remember that Old Maids have no men to bother with, no one to cook for but themselves, no contrary masculine tastes to be forever trying to please. And Old Maids can dress just the way they please -- and usually do!

Almost universally, Old Maids are self-satisfied, maybe even contented. "Of course, things might have been different, but they are not different; and I don't know as I would really prefer them any other way." Many a one says that. They are not "whistling in the dark," either. They mean it.

I take off my hat to Old Maids. They're a good lot, by and large. They are quiet and unobtrusive. They pay their bills, as a rule, and have acquired the creditable habit of "going Dutch treat." Best of all, they have time to follow their hobbies. That's important! Hobbies are the elixirs of life.

About the only things Old Maids don't have are men and a sense of humor. And after seeing some married men and hearing some humor that floats around many homes I know, I doubt if they have missed much.

Of course, they do their washings in their rooms and engage in the atrocity of light housekeeping. But that is inevitable and should not be held against them. On the whole, and very seriously speaking, I believe Old Maids have the best of life. Certainly; they have the courage of their convictions, and that's something these days.

HORACE

the guild mouse

the legend of sir mortimor mouse

when every guilder has sought his bed
the meating over, the last guest sped
and wife to hubby her last word said
tis then i sit by the pink punchbowl
and maybe a stave (or two) i troll
until my mind has unconscious slid
back to the deeds my ancestors did
back to the founder of our house,
the legend of sir mortimor mouse.

young mortimor in days of yore
waved a graceful tail and bore before
whiskers of such astounding grace
that you really didn't mind his face.
but the world as now was overrun
by the hordes of the vile mouse hun
who did with mices what they please
robbed them of even a trace of chese
drove maiden mices to lives of shame
set the unhappy world aflame.

sir mortimor rallied the miceless hordes
from out of the fields, from under the boards
of castle floors, and led them towards
the horrible huns with their waving swords
and the horrible huns, the truth to tell,
simply gave mortimor's legions hell.

sir mortimor seeking for needed aid
sped oer the steppes unafraid
and sought the land of the russian jars
beneath the northern far-off stars
recruited tartars from moscowwiski
artilery from lenokiski
paramice from everywhiski.

and did they put the hun on the run
yes sir that is what they done
conquered them to the last one.

sir mortimor with bloodshed sated
to sierra madre emigrated.

then the legend of sir mortimor mouse
founder of our noble house
goes on to tell how happy and free
he begat begatters who begat me
and.....

(Note by the disgusted editors: This epic came to an abrupt end when Mrs. Mouse entered the Old Adobe Studio and pulled Horace out of the pink punchbowl. "M'dear," hiccuped Horace, "jes' lemme go on legending after one more punch." Mrs. Mouse gave him the punch -- and it ended the legending. Needless to say, the editors regret this entire incident. It's only excuse is that these are war times.)

BOUQUETS

I deeply appreciate your graciousness in sending me the June copy of "High Lights." I enjoyed it so very much and have already passed it around among members of the Riverside Art Guild. You are all to be congratulated on the publication....

Vera Heathman Cole

Pres., Riverside Art Guild

Thanks for the "High lights." It is fine that your policy is working out, and the Art Guild has a great deal to be proud of.

I am getting quite a collection of tree-sketches on the magazine covers.

Ruth Myers Colman

First Vice-Pres., Pasadena Writers' Club



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